

The Crystal Sea

Floating on a crystal sea, edging ever near.

Who can know when disaster strikes?

To anticipate in fear, for now the coast is clear.

Shattered is a wasteland, with little air to breath.

Empty spaces once were homes, now places just to grieve.

Only choice to leave.

Waves will wash asunder those that will remain.

Others go unscathed, inside them grows a pain.

Soon they join the dead, in mourning with a dread.

Time is growing short, so the battle lines are drawn.

A people on their knees, a nations' misery, human tragedy.

There's no stopping what's begun, to be aplomb.

Initiate emergency protocols, as cooling disappears.

Hide your fears there are lives at risk.

When the fuel melts down, the earth will surely drown.

Demand for energy is growing by the day.

As our climate changes weather patterns will become more grave.

Economic malaise, fiscally depraved.

Oligarchs and money sharks will never keep their faith.

The people are the markets, but the markets set the rates.

Socialistic, communistic, capitalistic wealth.

In the end it's only human nature to want to help ourselves.

Those afloat the crystal sea who do not fear the edge.

They can live within the knowledge they will never be the next.

